

## BOSS

A rough brown dog sat at the very edge of the tumble down breakwater. He was looking steadily seaward. He was evidently old, and he was scarred by many fights, but his sunken mouth, from which he had lost many teeth, showed that he would not fight again victoriously.

Sometimes he turned from his gaze at sea and glanced behind him at a child who was sitting in a wheelbarrow a few feet away. Every time he glanced thus he slightly wagged his stump of a tail, and the child smiled, or she said in a soft voice:

"Good Boss!"

And then Boss wagged harder, but he could not give much attention to his companion, for his whole heart was with that bent old woman who was up to her waist in the water by the outermost ledge. It was there that the Irish moss grew, and at low tide the woman could gather it. She thrust her arm down to the shoulder each time for her handful of moss. She was wet, sodden wet, save for a small place across her back.

She had a man's straw hat fastened by a small rope tightly under her chin. Her face looked 100 years old—it was in truth seventy—old, seamed and leathery, and it was a face you loved to look at.

Every few moments she raised her head and put her dripping hand up over her eyes as she turned toward the land. She was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus, the little girl in the wheelbarrow always waved her hat. Then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eyes.

"It's just a-doin' of her lots of good," she would say aloud. "I'm awful glad I wheeled her down. I wish now I'd brought her down oftener this summer."

Twice as she looked shoreward she called out shrilly:

"Boss, you take care of her. Won't you, Boss?"

Then Boss pricked up his ears and shook his tail, and the girl laughed and said she "guessed she 'n' Boss could get along first rate."

"We're used to it, ain't we, Boss?"

When she said this, the dog got up, came to her side, gave her a swift lick across the cheek, then hurried back and sat down on the edge of the planks again.

Once the woman out in the water slipped and fell splashing, and Boss jumped up, whining in a piteous quaver, and would not be comforted even when the child said soothingly:

"Never mind, old fellow!"

But when the woman floundered to her feet again and cried "All right!" the dog sat down.

The child sniffed the bracing odor and stretched out her hands, smiling happily.

To be sure, she could walk, but granny wheeled her to the breakwater where she could see the moss gathered.

It was a low course of tides, and now the water had gone far out so that one could get to one of the ledges where the moss grew.

Granny had no boat, as most of the mossers had—there were some boats now farther along, and little Molly could see the men put their long handled ropes down and draw them up full. She knew that those men made more money than her grandmother, but then she didn't know much about money.

"I guess they don't know much about a dog," she told Molly, "n' I guess 's long's we got anything to eat Boss 'll have some of it. Eh, old fellow?"

Molly sank back on her pillow in the barrow. She amused herself by almost closing her eyes so that the sea seemed to come up nearer and crimp in sparks of fire. Then she would open her lids wide, and the great stretch of water would flash blindingly on her vision. She played at this for a long time, and always in front of her was the dog. She had grown up in the conviction that all was well if he was near.

Soon everything grew deliciously dim and then clear, and the salt smell was sweeter, and she was walking over the hard sand as straight as anybody, holding her head up

strongly. She did not know she was asleep. It was real to her that she was walking.

Suddenly she sat upright in her wheelbarrow, clutching the sides of it. Boss was not there. Had he barked? Or had some one called? She looked off to the ledge. She saw Boss leaping frantically over the weedy rocks. He went as if he were a young dog. He went like a creature possessed. He seemed not to leap, but to fly from one rock to another over the still, green pools.

Molly could see the dog and beyond him shining water. Where was granny?

The child tried to scream, but she felt as if in a nightmare and could not make a sound.

Oh, there was something down between the rocks on the far side of the ledge! It was there that Boss was going. And there was the moss—er in his boat, putting his rake down just as he had been doing when the child had gone to sleep. For an instant she thought she was dreaming. But Boss was gone, and—yes—there was something among the rocks. It was granny's hat sticking up, and she did not move.

Molly tried again to scream, and it was as if her heart would break in the trying. Her voice was only a hoarse kind of a whisper.

But there! Boss had reached his friend. He tried to pull her out. He could not. Between his attempts he barked, he howled. Nay, he screamed. Was his heart breaking also?

At last the mosser out there held his rope just above the water and gazed toward the shore listening. The wind was off the sea, and sounds from the land did not come clearly.

The man saw little Molly Towne on the breakwater. Had she cried out? And was that the Towne dog carrying on so on the rocks? Boss was down by the still figure that was lying in the shallow pool. He was struggling with it, making frantic efforts to pull it from the water.

Outlined on the breakwater against the dazzle of the blue sky the man saw Molly rise up in her barrow as if she would walk and then fall back again.

"Good God!" he cried. He dropped the rope into the water, caught up his oars and rowed to the ledge. All the time he rowed he saw Mrs. Towne's motionless form lying there and Boss trying to help her.

As he stepped out of his boat and began slipping and jumping over the rocks the woman moved and raised her head. He saw her reach out her hand to the dog. He saw the dog throw himself down and lick her face eagerly.

"That you, Jim Stowell?" she asked. "I guess I've broke my leg. I slipped. I've mossed twenty year. 'n' I never slipped to speak of before."

She spoke tremblingly, but with pride. "I s'pose I fainted or something."

"I'll git you right into the boat," said Jim Stowell briskly, "n' take you home in no time."

Boss stood close by watching the man.

Mrs. Towne looked to the shore, saw the child, waved her hand and called cheerily, "All right!"

And Molly shook her handkerchief feebly, though she tried to shake it vigorously.

"I do hope she didn't see me fall," said the woman.

It was not easy to get her into the boat, and she winced and grew pale, but she helped all she could and made no sound.

When she was in at last, Jim took up his oars to go round to the sandy landing. There stood Boss shivering on a rock. All at once he appeared older than ever. It seemed as if he could hardly stand.

"Take him, too," said his mistress.

"No, let him walk."

"I want you to take him, I tell you," almost fiercely. "He's too old 'n' stiff to walk on the rocks."

"Oh!" with a laugh. "You oughter seen him goin' it after you!"

The man began to row. Tears came into Mrs. Towne's eyes. Her voice was choked.

"You've got to take him," she said, "or you needn't take me."

"Oh, if you feel like that"—Jim lifted the dog into the boat, and Boss crouched down by his friend, who put her hand on him. He leaned more and more heavily on her. His eyes were fixed on her face.

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She had flung up her hand again to the child.

Lying there on the wet moss at the bottom of the boat she could look without moving into the dog's face. He pressed yet closer.

With a curiously quick movement she managed to draw him even nearer. She bent her head to his head.

"He lays too hard on ye," said Jim. "Le' me pull him away."

"Don't touch him!" she cried in a sharp voice.

The next moment she said hoarsely:

"He's dead."—Maria Louise Pool in Chap Book.

### Side Light on History.

Romulus and Remus were having a pillow fight when the wolf, who would not be kept from the door, happened in.

"Don't fight," said the wolf, admonishing. "It's naughty."

"This is only a sham battle," said Romulus as Remus hit him again.

This cheap wit was too much for the wolf, who went out and made Rome howl.—Chicago Journal.

### SENATOR BATE'S DRY SMOKE

Senator Bate of Tennessee is a passionate lover of tobacco, yet the cigar he carries in his mouth is always unlighted. No, he is not taking the cure; he explains it in this way:

It seems that during the war Senator (then General) Bate was riding by the side of his brothers during a battle. He felt the longing for a "smoke" coming on, and so drew a fine flavored Havana from his pocket. He scratched a match against the saddle and was just about to light the weed when a shell whizzed suddenly by, and the quick rush of air accompanying the shell put the match out. He was about to strike another when, turning, he discovered that the shell had made its mark, for there lay the dead body of his brother. To this day he has a sort of superstition regarding lighted cigars, and this explains why he only indulges in a "dry smoke."

### Unmarried Englishwomen.

There are a million more women than men in Great Britain, and over a quarter of a million more men than women in Canada, New Zealand and Australia. At the Royal Colonial institute recently Mrs. Archibald R. Colquhoun sought to discover why the superfluous women do not go out and find the husbands waiting for them abroad.

"The middle class girl," she said, "will take great interest in domestic economy classes and come home with copious notes, but she will hardly dust a room or help to make a bed. She is willing to attend St. John ambulance lectures, but is bored to death if asked to nurse a sick relative." Then with the death of the head of the family comes poverty, and the superfluous woman is generally proved to be the incapable woman.—London Mail.

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The girl smiled archly at him.

## Proposed Amendment to the State Constitution.

Relating to Pensions for Confederate Soldiers.

House Joint Resolution to amend Article 3, Section 51, of the Constitution of the State of Texas, relating to the pensions of ex-Confederate soldiers and sailors. Section 1. Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas: That Article 3, Section 51, of the Constitution of the State of Texas be so amended as to hereafter read as follows:

Section 51. The Legislature shall have no power to make any grant or authorize the making of any grant of public money to any individual, association or individuals, municipal or other corporations whatsoever; provided, however, the Legislature may grant aid to indigent and disabled Confederate soldiers and sailors, who came to Texas prior to January 1, 1880, and who are either over sixty years of age or whose disability is the proximate result of actual service in the Confederate army for a period of at least three months, their widows in indigent circumstances, who have never re-married and who have been bona fide residents of the State of Texas since March 1, 1880, and who were married to such soldiers or sailors anterior to March 1, 1880; provided, said aid shall not exceed eight dollars per month and provided further, that no appropriation shall ever be made for the purpose hereinbefore specified in excess of five hundred thousand dollars for any one year. And also grant aid to the establishment and maintenance of a home for said soldiers and sailors, under such regulations and limitations as may be provided by law; provided, the grant to aid said home shall not exceed one hundred thousand dollars for any one year, and no inmate of said home shall be entitled to any other aid from the State, and, provided further, that the provisions of this section shall not be construed to prevent the grant of aid in case of public calamity.

Sec. 2. The Governor of the State is hereby directed to issue the necessary proclamation for the submission of this amendment to the qualified voters of the State of Texas at the next general election for State and county officers.

[A true copy.] J. R. CURT,

Secretary of State.

## Bowel Complaint in Children.

During the summer months children are subject to disorders of the bowels which should receive careful attention as soon as the first unnatural looseness of the bowels appears. The best medicine in use for bowel complaint is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as it promptly controls any unnatural looseness of the bowels, whether it be in a child or an adult. For sale by S. V. Wirt, Druggist.